A MODEST ANSWER TO Captain *SMITH*'s Immodest MEMOIRS OF Secret Service. AND HIS REMARKS UPON THE D. of *S*---'s Letter, TO THE House of LORDS.

Humbly Dedicated to the Right Honourable The Lords *Spiritual* and *Temporal*, In Parliament Assembled.

By *RIC. KINGSTON.*

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A Modeſt Anſwer TO Captain *SMITH*'s Immodeſt Memoirs, &c.

THO' the *Juſtice* of the Right Honourable the Houſe of *Peers* in their Proceedings againſt Captain *Matthew Smith*, has given an Intire Satisfaction to all, that by examining the Stratagem, have diſcovered that the bottom of the Deſign in Publiſhing his *Two Books*, was meerly the Contrivance of a *Party* againſt a Perſon of *Great Honour and Integrity*; yet becauſe others, that either being in the *Party* that put the *Unthink-*

ing Captain, upon ſo Rude an Enterprize, or that take every thing for *Truth* that they deſire ſhould be thought ſo, are ſtill Whiſpering their Diſcontents, and Buzzing it from Ear to Ear, that the Captain has very hard Meaſure; I thought fit to rectify that *Miſtake*, and ſet the whole Affair in its proper light: Not as a Buſy Intermedler in Publick Affairs, but as a Friend to *Truth* and *Juſtice*, that having it in his Power to *Diſabuſe* the Nation, thinks it his indiſpenſible Duty not to neglect this Opportunity of doing it.

The Author is ſo perfect a *Stranger* to his *Grace* the D. of *S.* that he never had the Honour of Speaking to him but once in his Life, and that is now about Three Years ago, and 'twould be a greater piece of Diſingenuity, than he can believe any Man will be guilty of, to inſinuate that the Author is making his *Court* to the D. by this diſcovery of the Artifice, that has been employed to Aſperſe his known *Honour* and *Fidelity*.

Nor has he any Intention to Leſſen Captain *Smith*'s Services, or hinder him from the *juſt Reward* that is due to them, by making Reflections upon his Perſon or Converſation, any further than the neceſſity

neceſſity of ſpeaking Truth extorts them from him, nor will advance any thing in Confutation of his Books, or Detecting his Criminal Confederacy, but from apparent Matters of Fact, and Irreproachable Evidence.

I am not ignorant that this Narration is *Impar Congreſſus*, for which I humbly beg his *Graces* Pardon, and intreat the Reader in *Honour* to make that *Allowance* through the whole Diſcourſe; but if any think fit to *Chide* the Undertaking upon that Conſideration, (having already confeſt my Fault) I have only this Boon to ask; That they would ſuſpend their Cenſure till they have Read the Book, and then a God's Name let them ſpeak their Pleaſure.

To proceed orderly in this Affair, I am obliged to acquaint my Reader, that tho' Captain *Smith*'s Letters of *Correſpondence* with his *Grace* the D. of *S*, had been long transfer'd from Hand to Hand in Manuſcripts; yet the Printing and Publiſhing them under the Title of *Memoirs of Secret Service*, raiſing all the Clamour and Noiſe, that has been made about them ſince; it will be neceſſary in laying open the Deſign againſt his *Grace*, and diſcovering the Captain's Practices, to begin with that Book.

And herein I will prove.

First, Tho' Captain *Smith* with great Assurance, has Printed his Name in the Title-Page of those *Memoirs*, as Author of the Book; *It was not written by him.*

Secondly, That the Writing, and Giving away Five Hundred of those Books, Publishing and Maintaining the Captain, and the Person that Wrote it, was carried on by a *Contribution, at the Charge of a Party.*

Thirdly, That the very *Letters* of the Captain's Correspondence, as now Printed in the *Memoirs*, are so Alter'd, and in them are so many Additions, Spurious Glosses, and Artificial Connexions, that they cannot be said to be the same with the Originals sent to the D, and consequently, that no Inferences can or ought to be collected from them, to support Captain *Smith*'s Pretensions against him.

Fourthly, That the Substance of both his Books, generally speaking, are meer Fardles of *Improbabilities, Incongruities, and Invented Falsities.*

And having dispatch'd an Answer to the First, I shall proceed to this *Second Book*, Entituled, *Remarks upon the D.*

of

of S----'s Letter concerning Captain Smith, &c.

The *Book* claim'd by Captain *Smith*, Entituled, *Memoirs of Secret Service*, was Written by Mr. *Thomas Brown*, a Stiff *Jacobite*, and a Mercenary *Poet*, that will Write any thing, or againſt any Man for *Money*. And here methinks Captain *Smith*, that pretends to be ſo *ſtout* a *Williamite*, has made a Horrible Blunder in his *Politicks*, at the Threſhold of his Enterprize, in employing a *Rank Proſtituted* Jacobite, *to do* (as he calls it) *Service for the Government*; and I cannot get over the *Ænigma*, without the Aſſiſtance of a Proverb, *Like to like*---- Tho ſome will applaud his Judgment in the choice of ſuch a *Tool*; for deſigning to *Calumniate* an *Eminent Miniſter*, who was ſo fit to undertake it, as a *Debauch'd and Mercenary* Jacobite, *whoſe peculiar Talent lies in Scandalizing Mankind.*

A Sheet of the firſt Impreſſion of theſe *Memoirs*, by a Miſtake, coming to me to be *Corrected*, gave me the firſt Opportunity of *Gueſſing* at the Author.

Reading the *Preface*, the *Paraphraſe*, the *Obſervations*, and the *Minutes*, which almoſt compoſe the whole Pamphlet: And

And meeting a Quotation in *Latine* from *Titus Livius*, to which *Language* I knew Captain *Smith* ſo perfect a Stranger, that he familiarly breaks *Priſcian*'s Head in *Engliſh*: And knowing that he is no more able to Write one *Line* of that *Preface*, than to run away with the *Monument*, confirm'd my Opinion, that Mr. *Brown* was the Author of it. Now

Reſolving to make my ſelf *Maſter* of the Secret, I ſent for Mr. *Brown* to me. At his coming, I charg'd him with the Fact; ſhew'd him the Infamy and Danger of the Action, and he immediately confeſs'd, *He was the Author of the Book*, Entituled, *Memoirs of Secret Service*; Curs'd Captain *Smith*, for drawing him into a Snare, and employing his Pen to ſo *Baſe a purpoſe*, for which, he ſaid, he heartily Beg'd the D's Pardon; and by way of *Atonement*, voluntarily offer'd *to tell me all he knew in the Matter*. Theſe Words were ſpoken in the Preſence and Hearing of Mr. *M. S.* Phyſician, Mr. *A. R.* Bookſeller, and Mr. *B. B.* Printer.

At another time diſcourſing this Subject with Mr. *Brown*, in the Preſence of Mr. *A. R.* he told us how bravely he Liv'd, while he was Writing the Book

before

before-mentioned; and that when he had *finiſhed the Copy for the Preſs*, and Captain *Smith* being then out of Pocket, and expecting no great Sum of Money till the Sitting of the *Parliament*, *he gave him a Bill under his Hand for the Payment of Fifty Pounds for Writing that Book*. And now having proved this Particular beyond Diſpute, I proceed to my Second Head; which is,

That Writing, Publiſhing, and Giving away above Five Hundred of theſe *Memoirs*, and the Charge of Maintaining the *Captain* and the *Poet*, while he was Writing the Book, was carried on by a *Contribution*, at the Charge of a *Party*.

For Proof of this Particular, I muſt again make uſe of Mr. *Brown*, who at the ſame Place, and Time, and before Mr. *A. R.* above-named, told it me, in the very Words they are inſerted in above. He alſo added the Names of ſeveral Conſiderable Perſons that were Contributers to the *Charge*, which I think is neither Safe nor Prudent in me to remember: And alſo that *Dr.* Chamberlain, *who lives in* Suffolk-Street, (to uſe *Brown's* own Words) *was Caſheer to the Party, and ſent Money to Captain* Smith

by his Foot-Boy, as often as the Captain ſent for it.

Having travell'd ſo far, and ſucceſsfully in this Affair, and my Curioſity tempting me to poſſeſs my ſelf of the whole Matter, I ſoon perceived what I had long ſuſpected, and now am obliged to prove as my Third Particular, *viz.*

That the very Letters of Captain *Smith*'s Correſpondeuce with his *Grace* the D. of *S*, as now Printed in the *Memoirs*, are in many Places alter'd, and ſo many Gloſſes and Artificial Connexions added to them, that they cannot be ſaid *to be the ſame with the Originals ſent to the D*, and conſequently that no Inferences can or ought to be collected from them, to ſupport *Smith*'s Pretenſions againſt him.

Captain *Smith* in *April* 1696, delivered all the Copies of his Letters of Correſpondence with his *Grace* into my Hands; and now upon reading the Book, finding thoſe in *Print* run ſmoother, and that they were more intelligibly connected, than any I had read that were Written by Captain *Smith* himſelf, without the help of a *Prompter*, I began to ſuſpect ſome *Foul Play, or Trick*, was in the Wind. I diligently compared the

Writ-

Written and *Printed* Letters, and ſoon found *tho' they are bad enough ſtill*, that the Finger of *Tom Brown* had been there; for ſeveral Paſſages are added to thoſe in *Print*, that were not in his firſt *Written* Copies. Some *flat* Words were changed for *better*; and in other Places *whole Sentences Alter'd*, to mend the Sence, to ſmooth the Cadencies, *and to make them ſpeak more to his purpoſe in Print, than they did in Manuſcript*. This I thought ſufficient to deſtroy all his Pretences to Veracity.

However, becauſe this Proof, tho' as plain as *Demonſtration* to my ſelf, yet was liable to Exceptions by thoſe that favour'd the Perſon and aſſiſted the Contrivance.

I enquired from whoſe *Hand-Writing* the Letters were Printed off; and being aſſured it was done from Captain *Smith*'s Hand-Writing, to ſave the trouble of Tranſcribing, I procured the Copy to be left with me, by which I ſoon perceived, tho' the Letters were Written in *Smith*'s Hand, yet they were in ſeveral Places *Corrected, Mended, Alter'd, and ſeveral Additions* made to them, by *blotting* out what had been Written by the *Captain*, and Interlineations and Additions made in Mr. *Brown*'s *Hand*, and the

difference between the *two Hands* as plain to be ſeen, as the Noſe on either of their Faces: And reſolving not to be ſingle in the knowledge of this *Artifice*, I ſhewed the *Copy with the Additions and Alterations to a Miniſter of* State; who, if there be occaſion, I am ſure will do me Juſtice in what I have aſſerted.

Still methinks I hear *ſome Body* enquire, How I came by the *Blotted* and *Interlined Copy*? I Anſwer:

It was delivered into my Hands by the *Bookſeller* and *Printer*, when the firſt Impreſſion was Printing off; and I believe that *very Copy* is yet in my power to produce, if required to do it.

After this, having an Opportunity to Diſcourſe Mr. *Brown*, I charg'd him with making the Alterations and Additions aforeſaid. He would fain have *ſhuffled* it off at firſt; but when he heard me ſay, *I would ſhew him his own Hand in the Copy to prove it.* He anſwer'd:

What would you have me do? Smith *cannot Write Senſe; and I having Wrote the Preface, made Obſervations, and lick'd over his Minutes, I was forc'd to ſtick in here and there a Word, and now and then Uſher in a ſhort* Sentence *to make his Letters ſpeak* Sence, *and ſeem of a piece with the reſt; for which Captain* Smith *promiſed*

ſed to bear me Harmleſs. This was ſpoken in the preſence of Mr. *J. H.* and Mr. *T. W.* and that it might not ſlip my Memory, I wrote it down about half an hour after. And this leads to the *Fourth* Particular, *viz.*

That the ſubſtance of his two whole Books, call'd *Memoirs*, &c. are *meer Fardles of Improbabilities, Incongruities*, and *Invented Falſities.*

To Anſwer the whole Books, will be the buſineſs of another time. I ſhall only regard them now *en Paſſant*; I have ſufficiently prov'd, tho he values himſelf upon it, he was not the Author of it, yet to do him a kindneſs, and ſuppoſing it contains his meaning, I ſhall treat it as if it were ſo, without regard to the *diſmal Trunk* he ſpeaks through.

His Preface, and two firſt Letters to his *Grace*, diſplaies his Quality, tells you *he was of the* Inner-Temple, *and had been Comptroller of that Society*, and then without doubt it was well govern'd. I think that *Dignity* is otherwiſe called *Maſter of Miſrule* at *Chriſtmas*; and ſince his Extravagant Expences upon that Occaſion, laid the Foundation of his Ruine, and that the *Office* ſo aptly agrees with the *Rakiſh Qualifications* of the Perſon, I will not grudge him the Honour of it.

He

He was alſo *Captain of an Independant Company.* * *Did Duty at*
p. 8. Windſor-Caſtle, when His Majeſty came thither upon the Revolution, and would Inſinuate that he was *Broke* for no other Reaſon, but becauſe *he had been a Captain in the Late King* James's *Reign*; but that is a Great Miſtake. *He was Broke for being an Errant Coward.* For the truth of which I appeal to the Noble Lords that *Broke* him. This Paſſage, would admit of ſevere Reflections upon his Honour, *for what will a Coward not be guilty of:* but I will not add to his Afflictions.

He acknowledges himſelf to be a very Weak Man, and I find, in running over his Letters, that Natural Imbecility has had a ſtrange effect upon his *Memory*, as well as his *Courage*, as appears by the Obſervations following.

In the 19 and 20 pages, He ſays the *E.* of *P.* next to his Grace the *D.* of *N.* was the firſt Perſon he communicated the Contents of his Letters of Correſpondence to, and that this was done in *May* 1696. but he extreamly forgets himſelf, for he ſhew'd them to *Francis Jermy*, Eſq; and Mr. *William Read*, at the latter end of *March*, left them three Weeks in his Cuſtody, and put them all into

into my Hands to peruſe on the 23d of *April*, 96.

He ſays he had no Deſign to Accuſe his Grace the *D.* of *S.* and in page the 26th, out of a tender regard no doubt to his Graces Honour, harrangues ſweetly upon it in theſe words.

I could not avoid, ſays he, *being upon my Oath, to diſcover a Correſpondence between a great Miniſter of State and my ſelf. That Honourable Houſe cannot but remember, I anſwered their Queſtions with all the Submiſſion and Profound Reſpect* (Oh Fine Tom Brown!) *it was poſſible for me to expreſs, in relation to that Noble Peer. I ſaid nothing but what I could not avoid: And I am ſure no reaſonable Man will think me guilty of ſo much Folly, as to believe that I had a Deſign to Accuſe any Perſon, or that I would Deſtroy my Blooming Hopes; for under the Circumſtances I then lay, 'twas not my Intereſt to Oppoſe in the leaſt the Diſpoſitions of the Court.*

Poor Man! how he ſtruggles between his Unwillingneſs to accuſe the *D*, and his Tenderneſs of an Oath? This was in *November*, 1696.

And yet almoſt Eight Months before, that is to ſay, at the beginning of *April* 1696. He told this Story to Mr.

Mr. *Jermy* and Mr. *Read*, and prayed them to *aſſiſt him in making his Complaint to the King againſt his Grace the* D. *of* S.

And on the 16th and 18th of *April*, 1696. Captain *Smith* in a Publick Tavern near *Charing-Croſs*, in the Company of Mr. *Jermy*, M. *William Read* and my Self ſaid, *That he had reaſon to believe that the* D. *was in the* Aſſaſſination-Plot, *becauſe he having given him notice of it, his Grace had not acquainted His Majeſty with it, but went out of Town, as he believed, that it might take effect*, and therefore deſired Mr. *Jermy* and my Self, to recommend him to ſome Perſon of Quality near the King, that he might inform His Majeſty, *That by this Great Miniſter's Omiſſion of his Duty, His Majeſty's Life was ſtill in Danger*: Which he aggravated with all his Abilities, and repeated it ſo often, that we were almoſt afraid to hear him, tho he was not aſhamed to ſpeak it.

I ſay *Aſhamed to ſpeak it*, and will leave it to the Readers Judgment whether I have not authority to ſerve my Self with that Expreſſion; for after two or three meetings, where *the D's concealing his Services, and the King's Life being ſtill in Danger*, was the whole ſubject of his Diſcourſe; and I having promiſed

miſed him, if his Letters made it out, to carry him to a *Miniſter* that would repreſent it to the King: I was aſtoniſhed upon receiving a Letter from him, contradicting all his confident Affirmations but a Week before; and I could not forbear thinking, if the Devil owed him a ſhame, he might have took ſome other time to have paid it. The Letter is dated *April* 21. 1696.

Reverend Sir,

I *Have for* 15 *or* 16 *Months given his Grace the* D. *of* S. *an account of ſuch things as I could by any means obtein the Knowledge of, and have, incloſed, ſent you the Copies of the two laſt Letters* (he ſent me the other Letters *April* 19.) *I ſent to him, as being the moſt meterial, they being ſent at the very time the Barbarous Action was to have been committed, and I queſtion not but his Grace made the deſigned uſe of them, and acquainted His Majeſty with the Contents; and by that means preſerved His Majeſty's Perſon, and confounded His Enemies, which was the only thing I aimed at.*

Your moſt humble Servant

M. Smith.

This Letter, under his own Hand Writing, I have by me, ready to produce if their Lordſhips are pleaſed to require it; and think it is a *full* and *effectual* Anſwer to both his *Books*; for if they labour with any deſign, except that of diſcovering abundance of *Rudeneſs* and *Ill-manners* in the Captain; they contain little elſe, but what he has anſwered himſelf, in the above-recited Letter, to all Intents and Purpoſes.

Shewing this Letter to Mr. *Jermy*, who firſt brought the Captain to me, he was very angry with him, ſaying, *What a Vile Fellow he is to Say and Unſay at this Scandalous Rate, and abuſe a Perſon of Quality? When to wipe his Shoes would be an Honour to him.*

Not long after ſeeing the Captain in the preſence of Mr. *Jermy* and *W. Read*. I charged him with theſe *Ungentle-manlike Proceedings, in Affirming and Denying in Matters of that Importance*: But he thought he excuſed himſelf ſufficiently by ſaying, *That when he wrote that Letter, a Friend had told him he would reconcile him to the* D. *and put him in hopes of getting him an Allowance*; *but now*, ſays he, *I ſee I was deluded, and I will go to the King my ſelf, and if he will not hear me, I will appeal to the Parliament*,

ment, where I am promiſed Friends that will do his Buiſineſs for him. This Diſcourſe was about the 3d of *May*, 1696. by which, and the recited *Letter*, 'tis apparent, that all he Deſigns is his own *Sordid Intereſt*. When he was in expectation from the *D.* then the *D.* did communicate his Services to His *Majeſty*. When he finds nothing coming, then he changes his Note, and his *Grace* did not do it. Which, to ſay no worſe, is a manifeſt Contradiction, and a *Satyr* would have turn'd him out of his *Cell*, as all Mankind ought to do out of their *Company*, for blowing *Hot* and *Cold* with the ſame Breath.

Till about the middle of *November* following I heard no more of Captain *Smith*, and then he was pleas'd to tell me, Mr. *Jermy* and Mr. *Read*; *That he had been with the* L. C. *the* E. *of* A. *the* E. *of* P--h *and Sir* W. T. *that they had promiſed him a Penſion of Four Thouſand Pounds a Tear; but he mould not accept it without a* Conſiderable Title. *He knew they intended to make him a* Lord, *but he ſcorned to accept of any thing below a* Duke. This Relation will appear ſtrange to thoſe that know him not; but if any Man of Conſideration ſeems to queſtion the Truth of it, they may

when they pleaſe have it confirmed under the Oathes of the three Gentlemen above-named.

But while we were expecting the Iſſue of this *bold* adventure, we were told that our Captain's *Blooming Hopes* were *Froſt-bitten.* It ſeems they knew him better at *Kenſington* than he knew himſelf, *and diſcharg'd him from appearing any more at Court*: And ſoon after, as he ſays himſelf, *all his Friends dropt him*, and I fear thoſe that took him up ſince, and made him a *Property* to ſerve their own Deſigns, will e're long deſert him alſo; for that commonly is the fatal conſequence of depending on, and ſerving the Intereſt of a Party.

His *Rappers* are ſo thick ſowed, and grown ſo *Rank* through his whole Books, that I muſt content my Reader at preſent only with a few Gleaning, till the whole Crop is fit for Threſhing out, and then he ſhall have a large Amends. The Captain ſays, that *Holmes*, a Proclamation-man, lay with him one Nigt, when the Government was in ſearch of him; but he *generouſly* ſuffered him to eſcape in the Morning. *I hope the Captain does not Reckon that Neglect, among the number of his Services*; but what is more ſtrange, he would not

earn

earn the Thouſand Pound Reward for taking him, becauſe he would not betray any Body for Money. Bravely ſpoken, but who can believe it, that conſiders how he paid his *Dear Reſpects to his Unkle*, and there are Men of Honour that have known his Converſation from his Coventry Cradle, that are of Opinion, *The Captain would have Hang'd his ---- for half the Money.*

To prove his ability to ſerve the Government, inſtead of Firm-ground, he lays hold on two ſlender *Reeds*, which are too weak to bear the weight he lays upon them; and yet upon examining, are ſtrong enough to wound his Credit, and deſtroy all his pretenſion to *Merit* from them.

His Topping Inſtance is from his *Intimacy* and *Intereſt* in one Mr. *John Hewet*, who was employed by certain *Jacobites* to deliver their Forreign and Inland Letters, when they durſt not truſt them by the Common Conveniencies.

The Captain has truly deſcribed his pretended Correſpondents Employment, but trifles and impoſes upon the Reader, when to make his Intelligence appear more conſiderable then it was; he is forced to ſet him up for a *Gentleman.*

John

John Hewet was a *Poor Lad*, kept upon Charity, and the *Jacobites* experiencing his Fidelity, truſted him with the Delivery of their Letters; but for the Captain to pretend to an Intereſt in that *Boy*, and in ſix or ſeven Months time to make no better uſe of him; is to ſay he had undertaken a Province he knew not how to manage, or in truth that he had no Intereſt at all in him. Had there been ſuch an Intire *Truſt* and *Confidence* between the *Boy* and the *Captain*, as he pretends to: *Jack Hewet* was able moſt Weeks in the Year, and almoſt every Day in the Week, to have put a Pacquet of Letters into the Captains Hands, that being *Diſcreetly Managed*, might have been ſafely returned to *Hewet*, and afterwards have been delivered by him as directed, without the leaſt ſuſpicion that they had been opened. Such a *ſmart touch as this* had been *ſervice indeed*, and deſervedly would have made the Captains *Fortune*; but ſince this was every day in the *Boy*'s power, and he would not oblige the Captain with it, there is no reaſon to believe that the *Boy* would truſt him with a greater matter, and what in all probability he was not truſted with himſelf; for none but Fools and Madmen, would put ſo many

many Lives into the Hands of a *Lad but of 13 Years of Age.*

But that which puts an End to the Captains Pretence of Correſponding with *Hewet*, is, That *John Hewet* being Interrogated upon Oath by the Lords in Parliament, declared, *That he never Acquainted Captain* Smith *with any of the* Jacobites *Secrets; but finding him Inquiſitive, and Prodigal of his Money, he collected News out of the* Poſt-Boy *to get ſome Money from him, under pretence that it came from* France.

Captain *Smith* was preſent when the *Lad* made this Oath; and as he made no Anſwer to it then, neither has he attempted to diſprove it in his *Memoirs*, tho' he has impertinently waſted 14 Pages, in giving Reaſons why he Correſponded with *Hewet*; when *Hewet* has Sworn *he never Correſponded with him.* The Competition and Credibility is to the Captain's Diſadvantage; the *Lad* is upon his Oath, and the Captain but on his Honour. The Captain aſſiſts the Boy with an *Excellent* Character, and ſo gives him Credit againſt himſelf; but neither the *Lad*, nor no Body elſe that know him, will beſtow one *favonrable Word* upon the Captain. So that Pretence is vaniſhed.

His

His next Aſſylum, or Argument to prove himſelf capable of diſcovering the moſt Secret Caballings, and cloſeſt Deſigns of His Majeſty's Enemies: Nay, if he might be ſupplied with as much Money as he wanted, *That it ſhould be utterly impoſſible for any thing, either Foreign, or Domeſtick, to eſcape his knowledge*, was, becauſe *Sir* William Parkins, *one of the Chiefs of the* Jacobite *Party was his Unkle, and not only truſted him with his choiceſt Secrets, but employed him to Coart other Men to aſſiſt in the Deſign, take Commiſſions under him*; and I know not how many other Good-Morrows, as *Incredible* as his refuſing to get a *Thouſand Pounds* upon a Point of Honour!

The bare recital of theſe Improbabilities, as they are apparent in his *Memoirs*, naturally lead me to ask Captain *Smith* a few ſhort Queſtions?

What neceſſity was there to be at ſo much Charge in Correſponding with *Hewet*, when Sir *William Parkins* was ſo Free with him, that was no Stranger to all their Deſigns?

What made him ignorant of *the Day* when the Treaſon was to be acted, ſince all the Conſpirators knew of it above a Fortnight before?

Why

Why was he not more *Plain* and *Particular* in his Letters to my Lord D, when his *Grace* and Mr. *V.* ſo often deſired it? There is no queſtion to be made but Sir *William Parkins* could have furniſh'd him with the whole Matter, and there can be no excuſe for his Non-complyance with his Grace's repeated Commands, but that either the Captain forgot to ask his Unkle, *and then he neglected his Buſineſs*: Or, that Sir *William Parkins* could not tell him, *and then no Body will believe him*: Or that Sir *William* would not tell him, and then 'tis plain *he would not truſt him*; ſo that take it which way you pleaſe, it looks with an ill Face upon the Captain, and he would do well to lay his *Services* a little cloſer together for the future.

Among other Names that he gives us a Catalogue of, as his Acquaintance among the Quondam *Jacobites*, he is pleaſed unluckily to mention Captain *Porter*: Let us hear what that Gentleman is pleaſed to ſay in the Matter, whom the worſt of his Enemies never accus'd for prevaricating in any thing relating to that whole Conſpiracy.

About a Fortnight, or thereabouts, ſince, having an Opportunity to Diſcourſe Captain *Porter*, I took the Free-

dom to ask him, Whether he knew of any *Correſpondence and Truſt between Sir* William Parkins *and his Nephew Captain* Matthew Smith? *Captain* Porter *was pleaſed to* Anſwer,

That once, and no oftner, as he could remember, Captain *Smith* came into a Room where Sir *William Parkins*, Himſelf, and others, were in Conſultation upon their Buſineſs: Captain *Smith* was no ſooner ſat down, but by a private Intimation from Sir *William Parkins*, they drop'd the Subject they were diſcourſing on, and fell a talking about another Buſineſs: And when Captain *Smith* left the Room, Sir *William Parkins* took that Advantage, *To forewarn his Friends that were preſent from keeping Capt.* Smith *Company, or Diſcourſing any of their Matters before him.* 'Tis true, ſays Sir *William*, I Married his Aunt, and therefore am obliged to be commonly Civil to him; *But pray have a care of him. He is a* ——— *and a Fellow that I never truſted.* This Relation, upon my Requeſt, Captain *Porter* was pleaſed to give me leave, if I thought fit, to Publiſh in his Name, and he would own it. And after this, he that can believe any thing that *Smith* ſays will boggle at nothing.

Another

Another Witty Gentleman, and of great Integrity and Honour, that is no Stranger to Capt. *Smith*, who will quickly tell you his Name, tho' I am oblig'd to conceal it, told me he knew Captain *Smith was the utter Averſion of Sir* William Parkins, *the Scorn of the whole Family, and never fit to be truſted with any thing that he could Tell, Sell, or Pawn for 6 Pence.*

He pretends to an Acquaintance with *Capt. Boys*, who was ſome time in the Counſels of the *Jacobite* Party. I ask'd that Gentleman what Intereſt Capt. *Smith* had among them; but he averr'd *he never knew him.* He is ſafe in naming the reſt of his pretended Correſpondents among the *Jacobeans*; for they are all either Dead or Baniſhed *England*; or there is no reaſon to doubt but they would confirm the Opinion of his being a moſt Notorious *Romancer.* In ſhort,

All his Pretences to do Service for the Government, were but *Tricks* to ſupply a *Boundleſs Extravagancy.* He was driven to his *laſt Shift*, his Inventions were upon the Wrack how to *ſubſiſt*; and his Relation to Sir *William Parkins* giving him a Colour to impoſe upon the Government, he reſolves to make the utmoſt *Penny* of it, Trumps it up upon all Occaſions, and keeps up his Correſpon-

dence with the Duke by *repeated Promiſes* what he could and would do from that Relation, while he did nothing but abuſe and delay his Grace upon thoſe Pretences, which, in truth, had Colour enough to deceive any Man.

He makes no Pretences to be qualified for this Employment by vertue of his *Underſtanding*, and *Sincerity*, which is the Wiſeſt Thing he ever diſcovered; for all that have known him from his Birth, till he ſet up for a *Memoirer* and *Remarker*, are ſenſible he never carried any ſuch things about him: And I am not ſo much ſurprized, to find him ſo early diſcarded by the D, as I admire it was not done 12 Months ſooner; but this muſt be aſcribed to his *Plying* the D. with large Promiſes in every Letter, and his Grace's Unwillingneſs to neglect any Opportunity of ſerving the Government, where there was ſuch a plauſible Pretence as *Smith* laid hold on to ſerve himſelf, and abuſe the D's Candor and Credulity by Falſe Inſinuations. However do but

Read all the D's Letters to our Captain: See the Encouragements he gave him, if he could do Service, and if you don't diſcover in his *Grace* a continued Series of *Uneaſineſs* and *Suſpicion* of the Author's Veracity, as well he might from

from his *Arguing*, instead of *Informing*, which only was his Duty; from his Stuffing his Letters with *Impertinent Trash*, and *Idle Stories*, instead of Real Services, and his promising many Discoveries, and at best giving but a *Dark sight* into any thing, I will forfeit my Judgment. I have already shew'd what *Tricks* have been play'd with his *Letters*, and now think it material to add, and I undertake to prove it by Credible Witnesses,

That before he delivered out any Copies of his Letters, he knew from a Good Hand, That his Original Letters sent to the D, were lost: And then what might not a Man of his Principles do, to support his own Pretensions.

Another thing the Captain makes a Noise with, is the *Merits of his Service*; which can only be known by his Letters: And tho' I have said enough to invalidate the whole, by the Tricks that he has play'd with them, and the Suspicion that lies upon them all, by his knowing the *Originals were lost*, yet let any unprejudiced Eye View them in the Dress they now appear in, without the *Sham* and *Trick* of *Language*, *Ornament*, *and Dress*, pretended *Private Discourses*, *Minutes*, *Notes*, and *Observations*, which have

have no other Authority to give them Credit, but the empty Flouriſhes of the *Poet*'s Fruitful Brain, to Earn the Sum of *Threeſcore Pounds*, and the Naked Affirmation of a *Profligate Wretch*, to gain *Four Thouſand Pounds a Year and a Dukedom* by his Services; and if he diſcovers any thing in them but *Impertinent Chat*, *Nauſeous trifling with a Miniſter of State*, *and dim Diſcoveries*, he has a clearer Eye-ſight and Underſtanding than other Men dare pretend to.

This brings me to take a View of his Second Book, Entituled, *Remarks upon the D. of S----'s Letter to the Houſe of Lords*, *concerning Captain* Smith; *being a Vindication of his Services*, &c.

A general Survey of theſe Remarks, without Animadverting upon particular Inſtances, is enough to Nauſeate any *Modeſt* Reader; for in no one Line have they treated that *Truly Great Perſon* like a Gentleman, for which the Infamous *Poet* is as much to be ſcorn'd, as the Malicious Captain, and their *Supporters* and *Managers*.

Every Page is ſo beſmeered with *Sordid* Clownery, *Saucy* Language, and *Impudent Reflections*, that would ſhame any Pen, tho' made of *Braſs*; or any Men, but ſuch a Couple of Contemptible

ble *Wretches*, as have club'd their Noddles to render themſelves Ridiculous, and Puniſhable. There is too much in theſe *Remarks* to be confuted, almoſt every Line may be diſproved, or ought to be *Reprehended*, they are well nigh *Burſting* with *Stinging Wind*, ſuch as the *Hackney* Jade *Pegaſus* lets fly when he is too hard Girt upon a full Belly.

They are nothing but Idle and Impertinent *Repetitions* of his *Memoirs*, which being anſwer'd already, I might have ſlighted for that reaſon; but ſince Mr. *Brown*, after all his ſeeming *Penitential Sorrow, crying Peccavi, and begging Pardon for his firſt Offence in employing his Pen to ſo Baſe a Purpoſe*, has aggravated his Crime by relapſing into his former Faults and Follies, which no Body will wonder at that knows his Character, give me leave to gueſs at the Occaſion of it, and give them both a ſhort Anſwer.

Our *Hackney* Imp of *Parnaſſus*, that all the Vacation ſtands at Livery to be Ridden by every Malicious Fop; being extreamly out of *Sorts*, as it often happens by his *Idleneſs* and *Debauchery*, and reduced to the true State of a *Heathen Philoſopher*: The Riding-Coat that *Smith* gave him when they were *Memoiring*, being

being wore Thredbare, and his whole Man calling for Amendments, for fear of falling into the Rag-Man's Hands, for want of Reparations; he once more, to his Shame, engages with *Smith*, and all on a ſudden *Tom Brown* appears New Rig'd from *Stem* to *Stern*; and immediately after, out comes theſe Remarks to acquaint the Town who was the Author of them.

The Captain puts his *Name* to the Pamphlet, and 'tis flouriſh'd with a Quotation out of *Virgil*. I cannot but wonder at his Confidence, in pauming himſelf upon the World for a Man of *Learning*, when he is ſo Notoriouſly known to be one of the greateſt Dunces in Nature; who if he was to Faſt till he could Conſtrue ſo many Words in *Latin*, or Write any three Lines in the whole *Remarks*, would certainly Die of Hunger:

But he has ſo long accuſtomed himſelf to claim the Honour of Services *he never did*; that it's now grown into a Habit, and he cannot leave it: Tho' by his good Favour it lays an indelible Blot upon his Reputation: For he that *for nothing* has Forehead enough to own a Book that not one Line of it his own; What will he not do when Four Thouſand

ſand Pounds a Year, and a Conſiderable *Title* is to be the Purchaſe of his *Leaſing*?

I confeſs, the Remarks are worded to the beſt Advantage of ſo ill a Cauſe. The *Poet* has ſhew'd his great Abilities in the Black Art of Scandal, and tricking up other Peoples *Malice* into a gaudy Dreſs of Words, to delude the Vulgar Readers into a good Opinion of what he is advancing. How eaſie a Matter this is for a Man of Parts to do, that gives himſelf a Looſe into the Common Place of Railery, without confining himſelf to the Laws of *Truth*, or the Rules of *Decency* and *Good Manners*, is very intelligible to Men of Sence: They both abhor the Practice and make allowance for it; while the meaner ſort are captivated by the *Stile*, and led Blindfold into Error. I ſhall therefore diſappoint the latter, and I hope, oblige the former by anſwering Matter of *Fact* only, without being at the trouble to remove the Rubbiſh and Trumpery that encloſes it.

The Preface acquaints us *how provoking a thing it is to a Man of any Spirit to be treated with Contempt*; which I ſuppoſe is no new thing to him, and he has no reaſon to be in ſuch a *Chafe*, or *Paſſion*

about it; ſince he never was, nor deſerved to be treated otherwiſe.

He is ambitious, you ſee, all along of a *Conſiderable Title*, and yet is angry that his Adverſaries have found a fit one for him, viz. *Fool or Madman*, tho others are of opinion, he has ſo great an Alloy of the former in his Conſtitution, that he is in no danger of falling under the denomination of the latter: Nor will they allow it conferr'd upon him by the Malice of his *Enemies*, ſince it has been the whole ſtudy of his Life to acquire the *Title*. They are pleas'd, as a Specimen of their Good Manners, to join *Quality* with *Inſolence*, which is an Argument the *Dung-Hill* and the *Tann-Fat* lay too near both their Fathers Doors, for either of them to pretend to be Gentlemen. How might I expatiate on ſo fruitful a Subject; but I hate to be thought a Trifler.

He runs on with the old ſtory of *Stifling* and *Deprecicating* his Services, which methinks 'tis now high time to give over, ſince with all the Intereſt he has with a *Party* to aſſiſt him, he could never perſuade any body to believe, that *he has done any Service but what he has been very well paid for*; and his bold demanding and threatning for more, has made

made him ſlighted and deſpiſed by every body.

His Inſolent behaviour at *Kenſington*, cauſed him to be diſcharged the Court. Tho he gave away ſome hundreds of his Books among the Honourable the Houſe of Commons, he could not find one *Member* that would deliver his *Petition* to the *Houſe*. He has addreſt to the Right Honourable the Houſe of *Peers*; and their Lordſhips have commanded his Book of *Remarks* to *be burnt by the Hand of the Common Hangman*. Whither will he go next? Are not the *King*, *Lords* nor *Commons* Able to Judge of the Merits of his Service! Had he Wit to his Malice, and Power to his Venom, he would ſet the Kingdom in a Flame.

I will next proceed to his Grievances, and the Firſt that preſents it ſelf is a Complaint, *That he was taken up by a Meſſenger when the Plot was warm*; and this he conſtrues as *a Deſign upon his Perſon and Papers*; when any thing, beſides himſelf, would have known, that it was to comply with his Requeſt of being *concealed*, that they did it, tho they would not truſt him with the Reaſon why they did it. Had he any harder meaſure than others under his Circum-

ſtances? Was not Sir *Thomas Pendergarſt* and Mr. *La Rue*, that were the Firſt Diſcoverers of the *Aſſaſſination-Plot*, taken up and committed? Was not Mr. *Fiſher* and Mr. *Grimes* that knew more of the Plot than the Captain can honeſtly pretend to, taken up by Meſſengers, and kept ſometime Priſoners in their Houſes? Is there not many Reaſons to be given for theſe Prudent Proceedings? Well! in ſome colder Clymate 'tis poſſible our Doughty Captain may come to great Military Preferment; but certainly his Head is not long enough to make a States-man.

In his next Complaint he Fights in the *Dark*, and gives us an unaccountable Stretch of his *Talent*. *Some Body* (he leaves the Reader to Gueſs who) he ſays, *ſuppreſt Sir* William Parkin's *Petition, which after the ineffectual Application of the Houſe of Commons*, pray obſerve it, *I had*, ſays he, *the Fortune to prevail with him to make*. What an incredible Story have we here? That after the Honourable Members of the Houſe of Commons, that viſited Sir *William* in *Newgate*, could not prevail with him to make a *Confeſſion*; yet our Captain, that was his *utter Averſion*, effected it. Can any Man in his Right Mind, ima-

imagine that Sir *William Parkins* was ſo void of Senſe, to believe that *Smith* could more effectually prevail with the King to Pardon him, than a Whole Houſe of Commons! Away Captain! This *Remark* lies ſo Wide, and Broad, 'tis impoſſible to ſwallow it without Choaking. Farther, he ſays,

The Lady *Parkins* went to *Kenſington* to give a Petition to his Grace the the *D.* of *N.* to deliver to His Majeſty. His Grace had prepared the King to Receive it; it was expected: the *D.* of *N.* ſent to enquire for the Lady *Parkins*; ſhe was not to be found: *yet a certain Perſon*, without ſo much as a Letter to Gueſs at his Name or Quality, found her, when no body elſe could, and ſent the Lady away full of Sorrow and Deſpair, aſſuring her it would not be received. There is little Reaſon to believe the Lady would take her Anſwer from any Perſon, but the *D.* of *N.* who had promiſed to deliver it, nor that any *Certain Perſon* would ſuppreſs a Petition *that His Majeſty expected.* When *Smith* told this Story firſt, he laid the Blame upon the *Lady for not coming to Kenſington till the Council was up, and gone, and the King retir'd into His Bedchamber*, tho now he lays it upon a *Certain Perſon.*

His

His Invention is ſo *Barren*, and he is at ſo great a Loſs for New Matter, that he is forced to harp upon the ſame Strings in his *Remarks*, that he had before almoſt fretted to pieces, by his nauſeous Repetitions in his *Memoirs*: His Intereſt in *Hewet* and Sir *William Parkins* is ſtill the Burden of the Song; and yet neither in his former nor latter Book takes he any Notice, that *Hewet has deny'd it upon Oath*, and that Sir *William* has *branded* him with a *Hard Name*, and diſcharged *the whole Party from truſting him with the Knowledge of their Matters*; for tho he was his Wifes Relation, he knew him *too well* to repoſe any Confidence in him.

To magnifie his own Intelligence, through both his Books, he undervalues the diſcovery of Sir *Thomas Pendergarſt* and Mr. *La Rue*, tho the whole Nation is ſatisfied with their Candor and Sincerity in the whole Affair.

Upon this Head he has ſo remarkable a piece of *Effrontery*, that I cannot paſs it over without admiring at his Confidence, in ſetting up himſelf for a common Calumniator, and one that never *Starts* in publiſhing the moſt Notorious *Falſhoods* in the World: Such as every Eye can diſcover, and every Man de-

detect that hath read any thing in these Proceedings. He was ignorant *of the Day on which His Majesty was to be Murdered*, and therefore would perſuade the Reader, *that the Conſpirators themſelves did not know it*; tho you may read it in all the Tryals upon Oath, *that the Day was appointed before the Date of his Letters to the Duke*; and all that were to be Actors in were enjoyn'd to be ready on it. But this is not what I principally intended, but that which follows.

In Page the Eighth he has theſe Words, *Whoever will take the pains to compare the Evidences of Captain* Porter *and Mr.* Pendergarſt *with my Memoirs, will find there a ſufficient Confirmation of every Tittle that I ſay: Tho he will plainly ſee, that* They *were even then but half informed of thoſe things which I had long before fully diſcovered.*

There might be ſome pretence for his ſaying he knew more of the *Plot*, and before Sir *Thomas Pendergarſt* did, whom Captain *Porter* ſent for to Town, but a little before the Treaſon was to be put in Execution; but to ſay he knew it ſooner, and better than Captain *Porter*, is to tell the World, that if he has any Conſcience, 'tis ſo Caſe-hardened it will boggle at nothing, and that Beelzebub

zebub would *Keck* at a Story that Captain *Smith* makes no Scruple at. Captain *Porter* and Sir *William* were Hand and Glove in the whole *Conſpiracy*, and mutually correſponded in every Circumſtance. *Smith* does not pretend to have the Diſcovery of this *Plot* from Sir *William*, but from *Jack Hewet*; and in ſhort, *Smith* would perſuade us, that *Jack Hewet* knew more of the *Aſſaſſination-Plot* than either Sir *W. P.* or Captain *Porter*.

He ſays his *Grace* knew *what he was, and what he is, before he had any Correſpondence with* that Noble Peer: I have no Faith in that *Article*, but on the contrary am of Opinion, that if his *Grace* had known *Smith*'s Veritable Character, he would have diſmiſt him much ſooner than he did; tho his *Grace* could not have done it ſo early as he deſerved it. However, ſince he values himſelf upon *being known* to the D. that he may not give himſelf any further trouble in publiſhing his own Hiſtory, a Gentleman has undertaken to *write his Life*, and then every Body may know him alſo.

The next thing he makes a Noiſe with, is the *Merits of his Services*; but ſince he is unable to value them himſelf,

ſelf, what Expectations can he have from a *Subject*, when his Demands are ſo extraordinary, that he *ſcorns* Four Thouſand Pound a Year, unleſs one of the moſt *Conſiderable Titles* of Honour in the Kingdom be Tack'd to his *Squireſhip*. But to ballance the Account. He ſerv'd in *Secret Service* (as he calls it, after he has made the whole Nation Ring of it) *full Seventeen Months*, his *Grand Tour* beyond Sea being thrown into the Scale to make Weight, for which he acknowledges to have received from His Majeſty above *Three Hundred Pounds*; which if the Proper Judges had not thought ſufficient, there is no Queſtion but he would have received (if he had known how to ask it) a further Compenſation; and therefore he ought to have been determin'd by them. This was paid above-board; but when the Captain and I am at leiſure, to account for all the Sums of Money he has clandeſtinely received from *the Party that Fool'd him into being an Author*, it will ſurprize the Nation to hear there was ſo much miſchief carried on, under ſo *Thin and Mean a Cover*.

To Conclude. In his *Memoirs*, he ſays, *he never complain'd of his Grace*.

In page the 15th of his *Remarks* he ſays, *he did complain of him, and that he had reaſon for it, but that he did it in an Unhandſome manner, or threatned to complain of him in Parliament, he utterly denies.* And,

Yet as confidently, as he denies it, it will be prov'd upon the Oathes of Three Witneſſes, (when ever required) *that he did do it, and that very Unhandſomely too*, as you will find immediately.

After aſſerting ſo notorious a Falſity, he Wonders *that his Grace ſhould think it neither Safe, nor Decent, to have any more to do with him*, and ſays, *'tis a Myſtery that none but the D. can unfold*; but for once, and uſe it not, without troubling his *Grace*, I will be the Captains *Oedipus*, and, in ſhort, am ready to produce the Perſon, that in *April*, 1696. told his Grace at his Houſe, in St. *James*'s Square, *that Captain Matthew Smith* in a Tavern near *Charing-Croſs*, in the preſence of *Francis Jermy*, Eſq; Mr. *William Read* and the Author, *did vilely abuſe his Grace in a very reproachful Language, and ſaid he would complain of his Grace to the King; and if His Majeſty would not hear him, he would complain againſt him the next Parliament, where he*

was

was promis'd the Aſſiſtance of Friends that would do his Buſineſs for him. And after this I preſume neither the Captain, nor no Body elſe, will wonder at his Graces Future Conduct toward him: Who is ſo *Falſe* and *Vain* a Creature, then when his Book was *Printing*, and he upon the *Pinn* of commending his own *Politicks*, he ſaid in the preſence of two *Reputable Citizens*, *That it was in his Power either to Preſerve or Ruine the Preſent Government at his Pleaſure*; with other like *Rhodomontades*, that I am both afraid, and aſhamed to Publiſh.

F I N I S.